

The Chronicle History

Alarum sounds.

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter;
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.

Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gower. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrased is a little variation.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmouth*. Looke you, there is

A

of Henry the

A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is a
In *Monmouth*, the Riuer's name a
Is called *Wye*.

But tis out of my braine what is t
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fi
And there is *Samons* in both.

Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and y
You shall finde our King is come
God knowes, and you know, tha
Bowles, and his *Ales*, and his wra
And indignations, was kill his fri

Gow. I but our King is not like
For he neuer kild any of his friend

Flew. Looke you, tis not well de
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made a
I speake in the comparisons, as *A*
His friend *Clitus*: so our King bein
Wits and iudgements, is turne aw
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn F*
I can tell you, there's good men b

Enter the King and his

King. I was not angry since I c
Vntill this houre.

Take a Trumpet Herald,
And ride vnto the horsemen on y
If they will fight with vs, bid the
Or leaue the field, they do offend
Will they do neither, we will con
And make them skyr away, as fa
As stones enfore'd from the old *A*
Besides, weel cut the throats of t
And not one aliue shall taste our
F